

Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and young William of Cloudefley.

The Second Part.

Adam Bell. Young William. Clim of the Clough.



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Adam Bell.



Last Northerne Ladde to blithet things
then yet were brought to light :
Performed by our country-men,
in mickle fray and fight.

Of Adam Bell, Clin of the Clough,

and William of Cloudesty.

Who were in favour with the King
for all their misery :

Young William of the wine seller,

when yeoman he was made,

Can follow then his fathers steps,

hee loved a bonny maide :

Gods crosse quoth William if I misse,

and may not of her speed :

He make a thousand Northerne hearts,

for very wo to bleed :

Come is hee a wooing now,

our Lady well him guide :

To merry Spansfield were I trow,

a time he will abide :

Soone ope the dooze faire Cissy bright,

I come with all the hast :

I come a wooing thee for lone,

here am I come at last :

I know you not quoth Cissy then

from whence that yee bes come,

By love you may not have I trow :

I dow by this faire summe,

For why my love is first so sure,

Adam Bell.

Upon another wight,
I sweare by sweete S. Anne Ile neuer,
abuse him out of sight:
This night I hope to see my loue,
in all his pride and glée:
If there were thousands, none but him,
my heart would loo to see.
Gods curse vpon him yong William said,
before me that hath sped:
A foule ill on the carrion Purse,
that first did bind his head.
Can William tho for to prepare,
a medicine for that chaffe,
His life (quoth he) full hard may fare,
hes best to keepe alasse.
He drew then out his bright broton sword,
which was so bright and hene,
A stouter man and hardier,
nere handled sword I weene.
Broton tempered, strong, & worthy blade,
vnto thy Paister shew,
If now to tryall thou be put,
how canst thou bide a blow.
Yong William to an Dake gan he,
which was in compasse round,
Well sir and fifty inches nie,
and sold it to the ground.
So may he fare quoth William then,
that for her loue hath laid:
Which I haue loued, and nere did know,
him suter till that maide.
And now deary father stout and strong,
William of Cloudesley:
How happy were thy troubled Sonne,
if here I mot the see,

And

Adam Bell.

And thy two brethren Adam Bell,
 and Clint of the Clough
 Against a thousand men and more,
 we foure would be enough.
 Or owne it is full foure a clocke,
 and night will come be hieue:
 Come on thou Lurden Cistes lone,
 this night must I thee helpe.
 Prepare the strong thou sow blacke Canse,
 what ere thou be I weene,
 He giue thy corcombe saich a gird,
 in Mansfield as neuer was sene.
 William a young fawne had slaine,
 in Sher-wood merry Forrest.
 A fairer fawne for mans repast,
 in Sher-wood was neuer dyest,
 He bled then til a northerne Lake,
 not halfe a mile he feor
 He said doo booz thou good old Purle,
 that in to the I goe.
 I saint with being in the wood,
 lo heere I haue a kid:
 Which I haue slaine for thee and I, and you
 come dyeste it then I bid,
 Fetch bread and other tolly fare,
 whereof thou hast some store:
 A blither guest this hundred peare,
 came neuer heere before.
 The good old Pant gan his apace,
 to let young William in,
 A happy Purle gooth William then,
 as can be lightly seene.
 Wends til that house hard by quoth he,
 thats made of lime and stone,
 where is a lasse faire Cisse he said,

Adam Bell.

Floue her as mine owne,
if thou canst fetch her vnto me:
That we may merry be,
I make a vow in the foyrest,
Of Deare thou shalt haue thre,
Rest then saire sir the woman said,
I sweare by good Saint Iohn,
I will bring to you that same maid,
full quickly and anon:
Peane time quoth William He be Cooke
and so the Faune well dyell:
A stranger cooke did neuer come,
within the saire foyrest.
Which blith old lasse hath wit enow,
so to declare his mind,
So fast she hids and there did stay,
but left William behind,
Where William like a simple cooke,
is dressing of the fars,
And so this damsell both he looks,
I would that she were here.
God speed blith Wille, quoth that old lasse,
God bidd you quoth Cilley againe,
How done you Sant Ione she said,
tell me if I am saire,
The god old Joane said wels she was,
and commen in an arrand to you:
For you must to my cottage goe,
full quick I tell you true,
Where we full merry means to be,
all with my elder lad.
When Cilley heard of it truely,
she was exceeding glad,
Gods curse light on me quoth Cilley then,
if with you I doe not be.

Adam Bell.

I neuer loyed more forsooth,
then in your company:
Happy the good wife thought her selfe,
that her purpose he had of sped,
And home with Cisle she doth come,
so kindly by her led.
And comming in her William sone,
had made ready his sayre:
The good old wife did wonder much,
so sone as she came there:
Cisle to William now is come,
God send her mickle gle,
Yet was she in amaze God wot,
when she saw it was he.
Had I bene ware good sir she said,
of that it had bene you,
I would haue staid at home in sooth,
I tell you very true:
Faith Cisle then said William kinde,
misdeame thou not of mee,
I sent not for thee to the end,
to doe the iniury.
Sit downe that wee may talke awhile,
and eate of all the best,
And sattest I id that euer was slaine,
in merry Sherwood Forrest:
His louing words wan Cisle then,
to keepe with him a while:
But in the meane time Cistles loue,
much doubted this her Guile:
A stout and sturdy man he was,
of quality and kind,
And knowne through al the North country
to beare a balliant minde.
But what quoth William doe I care,

Adam Bell.

If that he meanes to weare,
First let him winne, els neuer shall,
he haue the maid I sweare:
Full softly is her loue come,
and knocked at the dooze.
Where when he mist of Cissy then,
with wrath he stamp and swoze:
A mischief on his heart quoth he,
that hath enlurd the maid:
To be with him in company,
he card not what he said.
He was then so with anger mou'd,
he swore a well great oath:
Dare should he pay if I him knew,
forsooth and by my troth.
Gone he is to find her out,
not knowing where she is:
Still wandring in the weary wood,
his true loue he doth misse.
William purchast hath the game,
which he doth meane to hold:
Come rescue her he now that can,
if he dare be so bold:
At length when he had wandred long,
about the Forrest wide:
A candle light a furlong off,
full quickly he espied:
Then to the house he hied him fast,
where quickly he gan heare
The voyce of his owne deare true loue,
a making bonny cheere:
Then gan he say to Cissy faire,
O Cissy come away.
I haue beene wandring this to find,
since shutting in of day.

Adam Bell

Who calls faire Cisse quoth William then,
What carle dares be so bold:
Once to aduenture to her to speake,
Whom I haue now in hold,
List the fair sir quoth Cisses lone,
let soone her from you part:
For all your Lordly words I sweare,
Ile haue her or make you smart.
Young William to his bright broton sword
gan quickly then to take
Because thou so dost challeng me,
Ile make thy kingdome quake.
Take the to thy weapon strong,
faire time I giue to thee.
And for my lone, as well as thou,
a combate straight shall bee.
Neuer let Sunne, quoth Cisses lone,
shine more vpon my head,
If I doe lie, by heauen above,
wert thou a gyant bred.
To bilbo blade gat William then,
and buckler stiffe and strong:
A stout battaile then they fought,
well nigh two houres long:
Where many a grievous wound was giuen
to each on either part,
Till both the Champions then were downe,
almost quite out of heart.
Pittious meane faire Cisse made,
that all the Forrest ring:
The grievous smites made such a noise,
she had so still a tongue.
At last came in the keepers three,
with bowes and arrowes bene,
Where they let fly among these two,

Adam Bell.

an hundred as I wene,
William stout and strong in heart,
when he had th'im espied:
Set on courage for his part,
vnto the keepers hyed
The chiefe ranger of the woods,
that first did William smite,
Had at one blow his head smote off,
fro off his should'rs quite.
And being in so furious teere,
about him so he late.
He slew immediately the night,
was suter to the spide.
Great mone was then there made,
the like was neuer heard:
Which made the people all a round,
to cry they were so feard.
Arme arme, the countrey cried,
so; Gods lone quickley hie,
Nener was such a slaughter seene,
in all the South countrey.
Young William, though wounded sore,
continued still his fight:
Till he had slaine them all foure,
that very winters night:
All the countrey then was raised,
the Trap for so; so innade:
That for the loue of Cilley saye,
had all this slaughter made.
To the woods hied William then,
twas best of all his play:
Where in a Cane with Cilley saye,
he liued many a day:
Proclamation then was sent,
through all the countrey ronged

Adam Bell.

The Lord of Bankeid was the man,
that first the traitors found:
So to the Court these tidings came,
where all men did bewaile,
The young and lusty William thus,
which so had made them quaille:
This heard good William Cloudesley,
and lusty Adam Bell,
And famous Cicer of the Clough,
which thre then did exell.
To the King they dyed themselves,
full quickly and anon,
Percey I pray quoth old William,
for young William my sonne:
No mercy Traitors quoth the King,
hangd shall ye be all foure:
Under my nose this plot you layd,
to bring to passe besyde:
Insooth bespake then Adam Bell,
ill: signe your grace hath scene:
Of any such commotion,
since with you we haue borne,
If then we can no mercy haue,
but lese both life and goods,
Of your good grace I take my leaue,
and hie the to the wood.
Arme, arme then quoth the King,
my merry men euery one:
Full fast againe these rebells now,
into the woods are gone:
A we is he what shall we doe,
or which way shall we wayke,
To hunt them forth out of the woods,
where as so ere they lurke.
List you quoth a counsellor graue,

Adam Bell.

a right wise man he seemd,
I craue your pardon for those wrongs,
you haue so falsly dreamed:
Gods for bod quoth the King,
I neuer it will doe:
For they shall hang each mothers sonne,
saire sir I tell you true,
Fifty thousand men were charged,
for to make after straight,
Some of them let in sundry townes,
in companies did waste.
To the woods gan some to goe,
all men both good and stout:
And them perforce they thought to take
if they might find them out:
To the woods still as they came,
dispatched still they were,
Which made full in any a trembling heart,
and many a man in feare.
Still the out-lawes Adam Bell,
and Ctim of the Clough,
Made toly chere with venison,
strong drinke and wine enough,
Christ me blesse then said our King,
such men were neuer knowne:
They are the stoutest hearted men,
that manhood euer shewes,
Come my Secretary good,
and cause to be declared:
A generall pardon to them all,
their lines I will haue spared.
Living plenty shall they haue,
of gold and eke of sil,
If they will as they did befoze:
come liue in court with me.

Soderly

Adam Bell.

Soberly went forth the newes,
declared by trumpets sound:
Wherof these thre were well aduised,
in causes full deepe in ground,
But list you sirs quoth William young,
I dare not trust the King:
It is some fetch is in his head,
whereby to bring vs in.
So stay you herre and first let me,
a messenger be sent:
Unto the Court where I may know,
his Maiesties intent.
This pleased Adam Bell,
so may we liue in peace:
We are at his most high command,
and neuer will we cease.
But if that still we shall be brged,
and calld by traitrons name:
And threathed hanging for every thing,
his Highnes is too blame.
Here had his grace more subiects true,
and sturdier men then we,
Which are at his highnes will
God send him well to be.
So to the Court is young William gone,
to parley with the King,
Which all men to the Kings presence,
did desire him for to bring,
When he before the King was come,
he kneeled downe full low:
And shewed quickly to the King,
what duty they did owe.
In such delighfull order blith,
the King was quickly won,
To comfort them in their request.

Adam Bell.

as he befoze had done.
Fetch bread and drink then said his grace
and meat all of the best:
And stay all night heere at the court,
and soundly take thy rest.
Grauncies to your grace said William,
for pardon granted I see:
For signe thereof here take my scale,
so certain shall it be.
Gods curse vpon me said William,
for my part if I meane:
Euer againe to Air by Air,
it neuer shall be seene:
The nobles all to William came,
he was so stout and trim:
And all the Ladies for very ioy,
old come to welcome him.
Fair Cisle now I haue to wife,
in field I haue her won:
Bring her here for Gods lone said they all,
full welcome shall she be.
Forth againe went William back,
to wood that he did hie,
And to his Father there he shew'd,
the King his pardon free:
Health to his grace quoth Adam Bell,
I beg it on my knee,
The like said Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesley:
To the Court they all prepare,
euen as fast as they can hie.
Where graciously they were receiu'd,
with mirth and merry gla.
Cisle faire is wond alone,
vpon a gelding faice.

Adam Bell.

A properer Daniel neuer came,
in any courtly appre:
Welcome Cislep said the Quene,
a Lady I thee make:
To waite vppon my owne person,
in all my chiefest state.
So quickly was this matter done,
which was so hardly doubted,
That all contentions after that,
from court were quickly roted:
Fauourable was the King,
so good they did him finde,
They neuer after sought againe,
to ber his royall minde.
Long time they liued in Court,
so nere vnto the King:
That neuer after was attempt,
offred for any thing.
God aboue giue all men grace,
in quiet for to liue:
And not rebelliously abroad,
their w^onces for to grieue.
Let not the hope of pardon moue,
a subject to attempt:
His soveraignes anger or his loue,
from him for to exempt.
But that all men may ready be,
with all their maiue and might:
To serue the Lord and loue the King,
in honour day and night.
Thus li'd these Northerne Promen long,
in fauour with the King:
Where no complaints of trespasss done,
could any leedg man bring:
For all the court was full of sports,

Adam Bell.

of mirth and merry glee:
 And to these foure blith Noztherne Lads,
 none well compar'd might bee:
 For Adam Bell Clim of the Clough,
 and the two Williams in Court;
 Won all the fauour in those dayes,
 and had the best report,
 And who but them for archers hane,
 and drazwing of strong bowes:
 Within the Court for manhood thus,
 to greater credit growes.
 Which spighted much a Barron bold,
 that dwelt in Hansfield towne:
 Who came to Court with bow and shafts,
 to win him selfe renowne.
 He was a man of lusty strength,
 well limbd in every part:
 And had according to his might,
 a stout and ballant heart:
 This Barron bound vnto the King,
 in person now is come:
 Whose welcome was for manhoods sake,
 proclaimed with sife and drum.
 That whosoere could draw his bow,
 of sturdy good red Cwe:
 Should proue him selfe before his grace,
 to be an Archer true.
 And for reward should haue him giuen,
 much wealth and golden fee.
 And he in fauour with the King,
 should alwayes after be.
 The time and place appointed was,
 for this their manly cypall.
 Where many a lusty yonker there,
 did seeme to make denpall.

Adam Bell.

At last twelve hardy knights there were, appointed
attendant on his grace:
Of which might before them all,
came forth in open place:
And one by one did strive to dash,
the bonny Barrons below:
But not two inches from the stand,
it seem'd to move in show.
Thus lost they all the prizes there,
the King proposed to give:
The which the Barron well might claim,
that came from Mansfield towne.
Now say my liege quoth Adam Bell,
though we be stiff and old:
Yet will we try our manhoods all,
against this Barron hold.
Then who begins then said the King,
let that awarded be:
For discords rise in such attempts,
full oftentimes I see.
And he that thus for combat seeks,
desirous to be first:
And many times much forwardees,
adventures for the worst.
Therefore by lots he shall be chosen,
who first of all shall try,
The rest as willing to the task,
by order shall stand by.
The King himselfe thus made the lots,
to which they all agreed:
And being cast, old Williams found
was to the same decreed.
Now bears thy fathers heart my boy,
said William of Cloudestey thow:
When I was young I card not for

Adam Bell.

the bzags of sturdiest men.
The Pinder of Wakefield George a grān
I tryd a Sommers day:
Yet he no; I were victors made,
no; victor'd went away.
Did Robin hood, no; little John,
amongst their merry men all:
No; Fryer Tuck so stout and young,
my courage could appall.
Then wend thee forth my bonny lad,
and se to what thou canst doe:
To byate the Barron of Spanfields bow,
full strong enough for two:
Soone stepped forth young William then,
his manhood to maintaine:
Who thought himselfe as lusty a Lad,
as went on Gotherne plaine.
And coming to the Barrons Bow,
well banded with two strings:
Beyond his eare an inch and more,
most nimbly he it byings:
And therewithall in pieces small,
the bow in sunder burst:
At which the Barron all in rage,
and diuillish mawge curst,
For he was huge and big of Limbes,
and monster-like in shape:
And saw there was that hard to hand,
his danger could escape.
Now thanks young William said the King
for this thy mickle might:
In guerdon for this noble deed,
He make thee heere my knight.
To beare my standard to the field,
and wait vpon my table.

Adam Bell.

For in my kingdome doe I know,
but few that are so able:
Yet Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
with old William of Cloudesley,
Are all good yeomen byans and bold,
as any ity land can be.
But now young William is gone to rest,
where Cisey did abide:
Expecting long with gentle looks,
what would of him betide.
Whereas in bed they had not laine,
till break of mornings peep:
Cre that the Warren boldly came,
to break them of their sleepe.
(Who said) arise young caten,
prepare this for the field:
Besore the Evening clouds approach,
He make the slope and pech.
And for these late disgraces done,
besore the king to mer:
By manly force vpon thy head,
reunaged toill I be.
Now let Gods blessing leane my soule,
quoeth William if I not go:
To open field euen hand to hand,
to bandy blow for blow.
So by gets William in the moore,
and Cisey both sayake:
Whilst the most like a loving wife,
for him her prayers make.
In field they meet but colwaydlike,
the Warren him betrapes:
Where ten to one he basely brings,
in armours bright arrayes.
And so being maliced maye by force,

Adam Bell.

then any manly might;
Young William he takes prisoner,
and beares him thence by night:
Faile Citley missing him a long,
made thus her heavy monie
I doubt good Adam Bell (quoth he)
my true lous William is gone.
And by the Barron of Panfield bozine,
I know not to to what place:
If it be so quoth Adam Bell,
wate quit this great disgrace:
To William of Cloudeley sons went he,
and to bold Elm of the Clough:
To Armes haue weomen to armes I say,
for we haue reason enough.
Knight William is bozine by treason hence
as Citley now makes knowne:
And by the Barrons accursed gulle,
is basely overthowne:
Thus armed all with bowes of Cite,
and with the gray-goose wing
They followed him fast to merry Sherwood
him back from thence to bring:
And Citley in their company,
attired like a Page,
In kenball greene most fresh and faire,
besitting to her age.
No sooner past the flowing Trent,
that runs by Sherwood Lee:
But they herd noises where William then
in bondage did abide.
And how his lusty armes and legges,
in hempen cords lay bound:
Within a Cane full depe in earth,
whiche hardly could be found.

Quoth

Adam Bell.

Another Cilley straight my task is this,
 to find knight William forth
 So into Beggars weeds he chang'd,
 his clothes of riches worth.
 And all along the Forrest goes,
 till he the Warren spied:
 Of whom the poorely crav'd an almes,
 which could not be denyed.
 For he was pleasant faire and young,
 and lovely in his sight:
 And onely in her countenance,
 was all his hearts delight.
 So intertainment she procured,
 by this her quick consent:
 And by that meanes knowe where her lons,
 remain'd in bondage great.
 A bugle hoyme faire Cilley had,
 which William lately had woone:
 About her then in secret sojt,
 it cunningly was boyme.
 With which as time befitted best,
 he winderd for her friends:
 William of Cloudeley and the rest,
 that fast to her ward bonds.
 And coming by the sound thereof,
 where as knight William lay:
 To armes they cryed now is the time,
 that must not be delayd.
 Then flew apace the grapplewing,
 amongst the Barrons rout:
 Which flew full swiftly too and fro,
 the Forrest round about.
 But Adam Bell with Clim of the Clough
 and William of Cloudeley:
 Was such good Archers every one,
 that

Adam Bell: A

that better could nat be.
And by that meanes and skill withall,
their shafts still flew so right:
That all the Barrons rent full soone,
betooke them selues to flight.
And he himselfe posselt with feare,
sell humbly on his knees:
To beg for fauour and for life:
which when faire Cislep saw:
I am quoth she no Begger now,
as thou me demist of late:
But thus am I for to be the iudge,
of thy deserued fate.
Knight William here whom thou retainest
doth claime me for his wife:
And I in pages clothing thus,
hane happily sau'd his life.
Thus boldly went those yemen three,
with Cislep hand in hand:
Vnto the Cane where William lay
at mercy and command,
Who when he saw his trueloue come,
in Pages trim attire:
His father and his friends likewise,
his heart was so on fire,
That presently with kind embrace,
he had them welcome thither:
Where after many a gentle speech,
they went all five together.
But in regard the Barron thus,
had him by falsehood wrongd:
They gaue the traitor by consent,
what vnto him belongd.
For in the midst of sober wood there,
they framd a gallows tre:

Adam Bell.

On which they hang'd the Barron by,
example thus to be.
For all that falsifie their wordes,
in deeds of mischiefe might:
And thus these bonny Archers there,
gave him deserved right.
Now are these yeomen gone to court,
before the courteous King:
To tell his highnes all the truth,
and order of each thing.
Which when he herd he gave them thanks
but chisly Cissy faire:
Who for her husbands life and lone:
such dangers would not spare.
And as young William knighted was,
even so were all the rest:
And after entertained well,
with many a sumptuous feast.
Now Bowes and Billes were laid aside,
and changd to courtly dances:
Where none like Cissy in estate,
so brane her selfe advances.
Duld William he well gralone in yeares
betooke himselfe to rest:
Young William in his youthfull bloom,
behan'd him with the best,
Did Adam Bell and aged Cissy,
by time made reuerent now:
Began into declining age,
in gentlenes to bow.
And so as time and age grew on,
to nature did submit:
Thus death you se will neuer yeeld,
to neither strength nor wit.
Did William dyes and buried was,

in

Adam Bell.

in Carle as I heare,
And Adam Bell close by his side,
as Records doe appeare, (William,
Clim of the Clough, with young Knight
and his belov'd sister;
Pers unto these their hanny friends,
they likewise buried were
D'is whom the King erected by,
a tombe of Marble stone;
Though now by ruines of old time,
it is consum'd and gone.
Yet thus in prayes will I speake,
of all these Archers bold:
They have deserved for unwillins,
to lye in tombes of gold.
Now to conclude their soules too hope,
in quiet sleepes remaines
Till doomes day Trumpets call them by,
from forth their graves againe.

FINIS.

